

WINTERING

Do not resist the winter
you need her little deaths
to still the ceaseless chattering
that feeds your restlessness

The silver birch, silently
lets fall her summer dreaming
swaddling life in timber depths
frugal, only in her grieving
content for now to watch the sky
and make no other thing
than silence and waiting
till the days grow young again

Meanwhile, I, in electric haze
use thermostat and switch
to keep the summer burning
deny my own solstice.
I push away the darkness
resist the call to rest
quiet the voice that whispers
you were not made for this

I long to heed the ancient spells
my bones are softly sending
let the winter take me
feel her breath upon my skin
surrender summer strivings
to drift on icy winds
and trust that all this letting fall
will feed some other spring

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JOHN BIGLANDS